

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1914.

Our great business is, not to see what is dimly in the distance, but to do what lies closely at hand.  
—Carlyle.

## Arbitration the Only Way

If ever an international question was a proper subject for the consideration of The Hague tribunal, it is the question of the right of the United States to exempt American coastwise vessels from canal tolls. If Americans should assert that right and all foreigners should deny it, the dispute would naturally go to The Hague, regardless of the merits of the question. But we have the situation that the right is upheld by some Americans and denied by others; is upheld by some Europeans and denied by others. Here, we must conclude, from the peculiar circumstances, is an honest difference of opinion, not affected by national interest. If such a matter is not to be adjudicated by arbitration, there is no place in any circumstances for arbitration.

We say this difference of opinion is honest. We do not refer in this statement in any way to the opinions of those who are merely of the opinion of the president. We believe that his opinion is an honest one, but, if he held a directly contrary view, that would be the view of hundreds of politicians and newspapers who are now supporting him. Such opinions may be disregarded, being no opinions at all as to the real issue.

On one side we have an eminent authority on international law as Senator Root, who believes that we have no right to exempt American vessels from tolls. On the other hand we have former Secretary Knox, an equally eminent authority, and Senator O'Gorman, both of whom believe we have a right under the treaty.

Apparently, in the first instance, the question is not one of international law, but of the intent of the negotiators of the treaty and those who were in consultation with them during the period of negotiation. Treaties are not to be construed or interpreted like statutes, and twisted as far as possible from the intent of the makers.

If we can get at the intent of the negotiations and those who approved and ratified the treaty, the whole matter will be disposed of. The intent certainly cannot be arrived at by congress. In the long months of debate not the slightest headway has been made in that direction. In his speech before the senate on Thursday, Mr. Root, after advancing a conclusion that exemption could not be regarded as an adherence to the broad principle of equality involved in the treaty, said that the Americans who took part directly or indirectly in the execution of this treaty had all insisted upon that principle. He named Secretary Hay, former Ambassador Choate, Henry White, secretary to the legation, and Theodore Roosevelt. What was in the mind of Mr. Hay we will never know. As to Mr. Choate and Mr. White, such correspondence as has been submitted has no direct bearing on the disputed point. Mr. Roosevelt has lately given his own view, that the exemption clause is not in violation of the treaty, this phase of which was evidently not discussed at that time, and he recommended a submission of the matter to arbitration.

All correspondence of that period, much of which has been introduced in the debate, is vague as to the point at issue, and such interpretations as have been placed upon it are forced. We all know that it was the general impression of Americans that, since the canal was to be American built, Americans would enjoy some special benefit. It was, therefore, with surprise that vigorous opposition to the exemption clause was developed three years ago, and by now was this surprise more loudly voiced than by many democrats who are now advocating the repeal of the clause for which they so strenuously fought with patriotic intent.

In all these circumstances there is nothing we can honorably or creditably do but submit the matter to arbitration. We should on one hand lay aside all question of national advantage from exemption. We should equally disregard the apprehension of the president as to the effect of exemption upon matters of "near consequence" to which he vaguely alluded in his message, conveying an indefinite hint of grave national danger unless we should unquestioningly surrender what most Americans believe to be a right.

## The New License Tax Ordinance

The new license tax ordinance may not be a perfect measure, but there is to be said of it that it lets nothing escape. It imposes upon every vocation a burden of payment for the protection and privileges it enjoys; but in the last view that we have taken of so comprehensive a measure, we have not ascertained yet whether the burden is evenly distributed. The taxing of the merchants on their gross receipts, rather than by a flat rate, will involve a great deal of inconvenience for the merchants as well as for the city.

The regulation of restaurants where liquor is served will, no doubt, meet with general approval and will break up the ridiculous practice of making such places drinking places at all hours of the day and night. Those who prefer to drink at restaurants will do so at regular and stated hours. The

record which must be kept of those served with liquor will probably reduce the number of patrons who frequent the restaurants to drink under the guise of eating.

The stringent regulation of the clubs, while placing no limit on the volume of liquor to be consumed, will undoubtedly reduce the volume, so hampering is the regulation. There is already talk of invoking the referendum against this clause of the ordinance, but we believe that the provision in that case would receive popular support. While the total club membership is large, and, if united, would be a formidable force in a referendum election, in all the clubs, except the so-called small drinking clubs, there are many members who would welcome such a restriction as the commission has imposed and would still more like to see the sale of liquor in the clubs eliminated entirely.

The saloons would naturally like to see this clause of the ordinance carry. A very large majority of the voters, not counting the women voters, do not belong to clubs at all. Some of them are rather antagonistic to clubs, and, regardless of their own opinions on the liquor question, would heartily support a measure which they think would convey annoyance to what they look upon as a privileged order.

## The Potters' Field

We print this morning a protest presented by members of the Women's Relief Corps against the purpose to strew flowers on the graves of the Potters' Field on Decoration Day. We cannot think that the memory of the heroic dead, whose memory we are accustomed to revere on Memorial Day, would be dishonored by such an act. Nothing would be detracted from the observance of our duty to them. In placing flowers indiscriminately upon the lowly graves of the unknown dead, we should be acting as proxy for many a mother, wife, sister or daughter who does not know where her dead lies, or, knowing, could not perform that office herself.

Decoration Day is made the occasion in all cemeteries for laying wreaths upon the graves of loved ones, who may not have laid down or offered their lives for their country. If you go into any cemetery in the land next Saturday, you will find little graves covered with flowers. You will find the graves of mothers decorated by loving hands. You will find remembrances upon the graves of many who were born and have died since the war.

No one would raise a protest against such an expression of love on Decoration Day or any other day. Would we place a stigma instead of flowers upon the graves of those who lie in the Potters' Field because they died friendless and penniless?

There are among us all, and there must be among these protestants against the decoration of the Potters' Field, those who believe that there is a life beyond the grave; that there is a heaven not barred against the souls of those whose only crime was that their bodies found sepulture in a Potters' Field. Surely, we would not dishonor by scorn the graves of such as these.

There are desecrations of Decoration Day in protests against which we would join. We would protest against the custom of making the day a date for prize fights, and we would protest against turning from the solemnity of the Memorial Day services to merry-making in which is forgotten the purpose of the day, the annual renewal of our loyalty to the country and our sense of gratitude to those who offered their lives for it.

## LITTLE JAMES

(Concerning the Tendency Toward Municipal Encroachment Upon Personal Liberty and Freedom of Movement)

"I never was very strong for this here Commishun Form of Government," sez my Paw, 'an' now I'm less Vigorux fer it'n Ever. As a Amerycan Sitizen, I object to surrenderin' my Liberty an' Bowin' down to Tirany, whether it's in th' Form of a Furrin Government or a Commishun Form of Government. I see by th' Papers 'at we ain't no better off'n if we was in Rusky, where you can't turn around without astin' somebody's Permishun 'an' havin' th' Pack recorded 'at you Turned around 'an' havin' it sent to Saint Petersburg 'an' filed away in th' Arkives.

"As I understand this here Noo Tacks Ordinance, I go to my Club under somebody's Surveillance. I Jined th' Club in th' First place to get away from under Espyonidge at home. What do I git fer my Entrance fees an' Dues? If I order a drink, th' Steward ansers th' Bell an' sez, 'What'll it be this time?' An' when I tell him I want some Licker, he goes back after a Register as big as a Family Bible an' Perpounds to me as follows:

"What's your name, address an' Nashnality? Th' Cullet of your Hare, an' yer Occupation? Are you Married, an' if so, how many Wives? What's yer Religion, believe it or any? Are you an Armyalist, or are you fer a Hi perfect Terrif? Do you Filly, or ate with th' Democrats, Progressifs or with Publicans an' Sinner? State your Vues in not more'n 500 words each on th' Mexican Sitwashun, th' Pannymy Canal Toles an' th' Respective Murrits of th' Nashnles, th' Amerycans, an' th' Federle Leegs. Is they any Redheditary Delirium Tremens in your Family Histry? Have you got th' Price?"

"All these here Queschuns bein' Ansered in th' Affirmatif or otherwise," th' Steward makes out a Official Report, of which he sends a Copy of it to th' Commishun with th' Endorsement, 'Mister So an' So, havin' Passed th' Examinyashun all rite, is Qualified, an' he's Got th' Coin.' In due time th' Steward of th' Club is Otherized under th' Seal of th' Commishun to Issue wun (1) Drink to th' Sed So an' So, if he's th' Present an' has Survived th' Ravidges of Thirst. If a feller orders a Drink at Nite when th' Commishun ain't in Seshun, his Application is Placed on File an' is acted onto th' next day in Regler Order.

"Th' worst of it ain't at wun mite Purrish of Thirst before he Evenchully gits his Drink, but it's th' Rekard 'at's been Bilt up agin him in th' Arkives of th' Club. How'd it look fer a Man which had always led a Outward Abstemious Life to git to be a Candydate fer Offis an' have th' Oppyshun Spring somethin' like this onto him an' have th' Documents an' Eskimoze along to Prove it. 'On March th' Six, Jon Jones had a Cocktail at 9:15; at 9:30, Ditto; at 9:55, called fer a Chaser of Rye Licker; at 9:45 Jon Jones had a Jin Phil; Jon Jones, th' grate Thirst, perdooned by his efforts, opened a Bottle of Beer at 10 o'clock A. M. At 12, Midnight, Jon Jones is still Asleep an' his wife, who's Telly-forned inquirin' if he's here, is informed 'at Mister Jones has been called out of th' City on Urgent Bizness.' There it is, fer every Hour of th' Day an' evry day of th' Month, th' Way Jon Jones Asswadged his thirst, fer th' Inspekshun of th' City Manidger an' evrybody else, so's 'at he who Runs agin him fer Offis may Read, an' a Blind Man, though a Fule, cannot Err therein."

LITTLE JAMES.

## THOMAS A. EDISON'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY



Miss Madeline Edison and John Sloane.

One of the most charming of June brides will be Miss Madeline Edison, the daughter of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, who on June 17 in the beautiful home of her father at Llewellyn Park, N. J., will be married to John Sloane, who has long been identified with aviation in this country and who conducts an aviation school at Bound Brook, N. J. Miss Edison's fiance is a son of Dr. and Mrs. T. O'Connor Sloane of West Orange, near neighbors to the Edisons.

## Her Own Home Town

By H. J. Miller

Last week, one halmy evening, while strolling down the street, I saw a well-known gentleman who, dignified, discreet, and full of worldly honors, had ever seemed to me a solid, rock-sure pillar of our "Best Society." Yet the game that he was playing caused me in swift surprise To gaze with incredulity through optically eyes; For he was setting jewels in Fair, Fickle Folly's crown.

BY  
FLIRTING WITH A MARRIED WOMAN in her OWN HOME TOWN.

If a fellow's feeling ennued, and keen excitement hunts, He might qualify as chauffeur in some aviation stunts;

Absorb a dozen highballs, then homeward waltz his car, Or drop into a powder mine while smoking a cigar; Could rent an old ex-army mule, his ticklish tail to braid, Or flaunt some Orange banners while St. Patrick's on parade;

For these are lame amusements when compared—boys, let THIS down—

FLIRTING WITH A MARRIED WOMAN in her OWN HOME TOWN.

Of course, since saintly David sought new, ecstatic thrills, With Uriah as Angora; the Lad who foots the bills Is about the last one of the bunch to do the Sherlock Holmes,

And pipe the situation when the Little Lady roams; Yet when he wises up, boys, Grim Trouble's surely rife.

He hikes down to the hardware, grabs a six-gun or a knife, And, after some swift sleuthing, wades in and does up brown

THE—  
The egregious epitomization of supererogatory asininity

WHO  
Flirts with a MARRIED WOMAN in her OWN HOME TOWN.

Of course, it's not my "butt in," yet I see the bitter end, And write these rough-hewn verses as I would unto a friend; And to save a dandy woman who has been a loyal wife

From the knowledge that will leave her with a soul-embittered life.

So when he sees the chasm that is yawning at his feet, He'll skip the dalliant rose path, to land on Honor's street. And preserve his reputation—likewise the fair renown Of that charming MARRIED WOMAN of his OWN HOME TOWN.

(Mr. Miller, a member of the Washington Press Association and the Chicago Press Club, is a Phoenix visitor in circumstances not of his own devising. But, while the doctors are working on him, he has his own ways of entertaining himself.)

## THE CANDLE LIGHT

Although I'm almost four, sometimes I'm frightened in the night, So mother says: "Don't be afraid; I'll leave a candle-light."

A little light the watch to keep, Until I sing myself to sleep. I love to watch the tiny flame That flickers to and fro; And watch the straight, white candle, Which must always shorter grow;

For when I wake in early morn, The candle every bit has gone.

If little boys should all grow short, Instead of growing tall, Some morning would their mothers find They had no sons at all!

I'm very glad that we all know The proper way for boys to grow. —Harriet Works, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE BIGOTRY OF ULSTER

It is not in Belfast, but in Portadown, a small township in the County Armagh, that the Orange or Unionist sentiment is to be really probed or sounded, says a writer in Harper's Weekly.

In the "pub" are grouped a number of loyal Orangemen. Over their drinks are voiced enthusiastic toasts to the "defamation of the harlot of the seven hills" and "bad luck to the Papists." Anathemas against Redmond and the Irish party follow as a matter of course. A stranger enters.

"To Hell with the Pope!" is the succeeding toast.

When the newcomer shows no sign of provocation to wrath, he is approached cautiously. The abomination of your average Unionist or Orangeman is an American.

"Be ye from the States?"

"Nay, Glasgow," is an open sesame, notwithstanding the fact that practically all of the population of Portadown is pure Irish Gael. Glasgow represents a city of Dissenters—who, however, are fourth-fifths Home Rulers; but, first fact enough for your North of Ireland Protestant.

"Glasgow, ay, lad! Ye'll join us? To Hell with the Pope!"

"But," protests the stranger, "I have no grievance against the Pope."

"Neither have we," is the unanimous response, "but he has the devil of a hard name in Portadown!"

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## FATHER'S OBJECTIONS

Irate Parent—No, sure. You can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her.—Life.

Just think for a moment what he came for! He came to give rest to the weary; to seek and to save that which was lost; to give sight to the blind; to help those that needed help; to reveal the Father; to bring peace where there was trouble; to heal the broken hearted. And yet there was not room for him!

## THERMOMETER GOSSIP

Freezing—What fuss folks make over Zero! Temperature—Yes; and he's such a cipher at home.

## Evidence of Stability

The fact that this bank, during its twenty years of successful business has maintained a steady policy of conservatism and has been selected as a depository for United States Government Funds, offers conclusive proof of its stability, which is further emphasized by the strict supervision exercised over its affairs by the Comptroller of the Currency. This is the largest national bank in Arizona.

The Phoenix National Bank